

Fall To Lust

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Fall To Lust

by [ElizaD](#)

Summary

Hannibal and Will enjoy their wedding night until the sun comes up.

The seventh and final part of my sins of the deadly series.

Notes

Here it is, the final part of my sins of the deadly series, time for a wedding. I know I'm being a little unrealistic with the recovery times but we have yet to study the effects of ingesting human flesh on a regular basis, as far as I can tell Hannibal doesn't sleep so let us suspend out disbelief for a moment and enjoy the filth!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Music spilled out onto the moonlight beach and crashing waves. Their usual haunt agreed to host their wedding reception if they promised to behave better than they previously had. Luckily a ring was enough of a marker for Hannibal to accept that everyone knew Will was his. Hannibal had argued for a destination wedding, somewhere far away, but Will felt more at home in this place than he had anywhere else and wanted to be married here.

Hannibal had agreed to a simple beach ceremony and a round the world trip for their honeymoon. Will was only just getting used to the freedom they had now they were officially dead and was nervous about travelling but Hannibal had learned a few ways of getting his own way. Most of the guests had departed as it was after midnight, leaving only the newlyweds on the beach, dancing to the music. "You should wear white more often," Will said, head resting on Hannibal's shoulder.

"I prefer to save it for only the most special of occasions," Hannibal told him softly. "Such as my own wedding."

"So it won't be common?" Will asked, looking up at Hannibal with his bottom lip protruding.

"One day I will become immune to those eyes," Hannibal said, with a soft groan. "But not today."

Will laughed and kissed his husband. "Happy wedding day baby."

"That was yesterday," Hannibal reminded him.

"What time is it?" Will asked, looking confused. Hannibal checked his watch.

"Just after two in the morning," he answered.

"Home time?" Will suggested.

"After this dance," Hannibal said. "La Vie En Rose is one of the favourites," They continued swaying on the sand until the final note played. "Do you wish to go home now, my love?" Hannibal asked.

"Yes please," Will answered, brushing his hand over Hannibal's crotch. Hannibal smiled and took his hand, making his way down the beach at a leisurely pace. "Are you deliberately teasing me?" Will asked.

"I have no idea what you mean, I am simply enjoying walking on the beach with my darling husband," Hannibal responded.

"Your darling husband would very much like to get you into bed," Will growled. "So speed up or I'm taking you on the beach."

"In my experience beach sex is not as romantic as expected," Hannibal warned him, wrinkling his nose. "Sand is essentially just dirt."

“Then hurry up!” Will repeated, increasing his pace and pulling Hannibal along with him. Hannibal laughed at his desperation but agreed and they made it home in record time.

Will dropped his jacket the second they were in the house shoving Hannibal towards the stairs before he could complain. They headed in the general direction of their room with their lips attached. Hannibal’s jacket was left on the stairs along with their shoes. Both their shirts were shedded somewhere in the hallway and by the time they stumbled into the bedroom Hannibal had lost his trousers.

Will fell clumsily onto the bed while trying to take off his socks, Hannibal managed to remain standing and removed his own before crawling above Will on the bed, kissing him again, stealing his breath. Will pressed his hands against Hannibal’s chest, forcing him back and returning to his feet, just out of reach of Hannibal who was still on the bed.

With a filthy smirk he slowly opened his belt, sliding it free of its loops before dropping it to the floor. Will stretched out his body with his arms above his head and Hannibal smiled at his husband’s peacocking. He preferred to touch rather than look, his meals were presented nicely but he never hesitated to destroy the imagery in favour of taste. Will had turned him into something of a voyeur and he was willing to stare, for now.

With his luminous eyes pinning Hannibal in place, Will undid his flies and turned around exposing his ass to Hannibal as he removed his trousers. Hannibal could not hold back a low and predatory moan when he saw what was underneath. They had gotten dressed separately on Will’s request and it was clear why and very much worth it.

Will’s ass was covered in snow white satin panties with ‘BRIDE’ spelled out in sparkling gems. “My virgin bride,” Hannibal purred, a smile spreading over his face.

“Whose fault is that?” Will asked. “You were the one who refused to go all the way until you got a ring on my finger.”

“You have no respect for romance, my dear,” Hannibal sighed.

“I have you now,” Will commented, moving towards Hannibal with slow steps.

“Yes, beloved, now and forever,” Hannibal assured him, settling his hands on Will’s hips as soon as he was within reach. Will lowered himself and pressed a kiss to Hannibal’s lips. It started sweet, a gentle expression of love but soon shifted, becoming fiery as Will moved to straddle Hannibal and Hannibal shifted them so they were laid on the bed.

After a few seconds of playful struggling Hannibal managed to flip their position so he was above Will, sandwiched between his legs. He pinned Will’s hands by his head and kissed his way from Will’s chin, down his neck, nipping at his pulse point, nowhere near hard enough to mark. Moving lower he circled Will’s right nipple with his tongue before biting down and making Will gasp.

Will managed to tear his hands free, reaching for Hannibal’s boxers in hopes of removing them. He could feel the warmth of his erection before he had managed to reveal it. Hannibal rose up onto his knees and kicked on his undergarments when they reached the bed. He drew

Will into another deep kiss while he manoeuvred their bodies so they lay lengthways in the centre of the opulent bed, made with fresh satin sheets for their special night. Will's head was cushioned on the pillows while Hannibal shuffled down his body, pressing his face against the bulge straining Will's bridal lingerie. "You look so beautiful, my love, finally all mine," he cooed.

"Longer than you know," Will told him, breathing heavier.

"I disagree," Hannibal said, kissing his way along the waistband on the white satin. "I knew you were mine the moment I saw you, and your stunning eyes. Even when we were apart for three years you were still mine and I could feel you had never moved on either."

"You know I did," Will said with a slight frown.

"No," Hannibal said, examining the skin of Will's left thigh with his mouth. "You yourself said that every morning I was the first thought in your mind and at night it was me you thought of. Your woman may have had you in body but your unique mind was still with me," Hannibal's jealousy had long since departed, knowing that Molly had never been as deep inside Will as he was, no-one else could be. No-one else knew his soul. "You were always mine in the ways that matter."

"It was you I thought of when I masturbated," Will gasped as Hannibal's lips brushed over his covered erection before kissing the edge of the fabric on his right. Hannibal smiled against his skin.

"Mine in body as well then," he said in satisfaction.

"Yes, Hannibal," Will said, leaving a long pause before saying what he knew Hannibal wanted to hear. "I was always yours."

Hannibal let out a sound of belief, relief and arousal, his possessive side rearing its head. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of Will's under garment, dragging the panties along his long legs and tossing them to the floor. "It is time I claimed you," he said.

"Past-time," Will panted desperately. They had done everything but anal sex. Hannibal brought him to orgasm with his fingers and mouth but was yet to penetrate him in the way he wanted. Will had never even thought about marriage until Hannibal asked, but when he did he was ready to do so on the spot. Organising a wedding in two weeks was exhausting but it was worth it to be where they were now.

Hannibal nudged Will's hips, guiding him to lay on his front, stretched out and relaxed. He stroked his hands over the firm, warm muscles of Will's back, coming to splay his hands flat on Will's ass, caressing the plump flesh there. "Even with all my cooking you are as slight and deceptively delicate looking as ever, though I am delighted to see that your ass is looking even more succulent," he said, sinking his teeth into the right cheek.

"Is this really the right time to call me fat?" Will complained.

“Quiet,” Hannibal warned. “You are not stupid and you know I find you irresistibly beautiful,” he told him, groping his ass, admiring the round shape.

“You tell me every day,” Will said with a pleased hum. “You know I appreciate it, right?”

“Of course, though it is nice to hear it still,” Hannibal commented, flicking his tongue over Will’s tight hole.

“You’re beautiful,” Will said. “I love you and you are perfect and brilliant and mine.”

“Yes darling, from now till forever I am yours and you are mine,” he confirmed, dragging his tongue along Will’s cleft, dampening the skin. He sealed his mouth around Will’s entrance, probing at the tight muscles with his tongue, not pressing inside yet. Drawing back less than an inch he swirled his tongue around the puckered pink skin surrounding his hole, drinking in the moans that fell from his partner’s lips. He continued lapping at the skin there, saliva coating the area and slicking his hole. Carefully, Hannibal used his broad palms to separate the cheeks of Will’s ass and finally pushed his tongue into Will’s hole, feeling the muscles quivering around him as he pistoned his tongue in and out at a rapid pace. “My wonderful, beautiful boy. I have a deep position in mind for us,” Hannibal purred, reaching for the lube on the bedside table. “Relax your body and let me fully prepare you, my wanton creature,” he kissed the skin behind Will’s ear. “Do you trust me?”

“Forever,” Will answered without a second’s thought. After everything, he knew Hannibal would take care to make sure he felt nothing but euphoric pleasure, unless he wanted pain.

“I intend to make you cum so many times you cannot walk in the morning,” Hannibal growled.

“I have very strong legs,” Will teased.

“I am aware,” Hannibal said, drizzling lubricant down the cleft of Will’s ass.

“Your record is three,” Will replied.

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“Yours is two,” Hannibal said with a smug smile “Then tonight it will be four,” Hannibal focused on his task. He circled Will’s hole with his finger, teasing the edge, occasionally dipping the lube soaked tip inside. Will arched his back with a moan when Hannibal brushed his prostate, his touch feather light. “You do make the prettiest sound for me,” he teased gently.

“Kiss,” Will demanded, twisting his head towards Hannibal.

Smiling at him benevolently, Hannibal leaned over Will’s body and claimed his lips with a delighted hum. Hannibal thrust his finger in deeper, only releasing Will’s mouth when he gasped in pleasure. Hannibal committed himself to pushing Will to the edge of pleasure, massaging his inner passage and sending sparks of pleasure throughout his blood stream. Soon Will was struggling to catch breath through his moans of pleasure, his head feeling light as he drowned in pleasure. Without warning Hannibal thrust in a second finger, the sudden extra stimulation pushed Will’s over the edge and his vision went white as he came on the

sheets beneath him. "One," Hannibal cooed in his ear, kissing over his shoulder blades while his fingers moved slowly inside as Will came back to Earth.

"You're amazing," Will murmured, body feeling light as a feather and boneless.

Hannibal slid in a third finger making Will's body jolt as sensations came back to him. Hannibal's movements were certain as he expertly opened Will up, preparing him for penetration. "Are you ready my pure sweet angel?" He purred.

"Yes, God please Hannibal yes," Will moaned, bowing his back and pressing his ass towards Hannibal.

"Hands on the bed, love," Hannibal instructed, his voice warm and encouraging as Will moved himself so he was on his hands and knees, trembling lightly. Hannibal stood at the edge of the bed and dragged Will closer to him. He ran his large hands along Will's thighs before grasping them roughly and lifting them off the bed, wrapping them around his waist. The only part of Will's body not being supported by Hannibal was his hands flat on the bed. Hannibal added more lube to his body and grasped Will's waist in one hand, his fingertips brushing along the raised smile he had carved into Will.

He guided his dick into Will for the first time. Their moans mixed in the air as Will's body melted and welcomed Hannibal's throbbing length. Hannibal did not rush, pressing in steadily and enjoying every second. When he was fully sheathed inside Will's body he paused, the feeling of being fully joined overwhelming him completely. "Mylimasis," he breathed. "I have imagined this so many times and you feel even more warm and tight and perfect than I could ever imagine. I adore you."

"I love you Hannibal, I love you so much," Will moaned, muscles contracting around Hannibal's length as blood began to travel to his own member, thickening faster than he believed possible. "I'm ready," he moaned through a sob, skin on fire and desperate for more.

Holding Will's body in place, Hannibal withdrew until only the tip was left inside before thrusting back into Will, causing his body to jerk forward and his arms to shake from the force. Will lowered his chest to the soft cover, his back arched like that of a predatory animal as Hannibal drove into him at a brutal pace. Hannibal's hand moved to Will's ass, groping and massaging the white flesh, leaving faint rosy marks on the skin.

Will moaned desperately, squirming against Hannibal and rocking back to meet his every thrust. "Fuck!" He shouted when Hannibal's hand came to wrap around his member, the sensations washing over him and engulfing him.

"Such language," Hannibal said, his gasping tone betraying how swept away he was. "What am I going to do with you, my wicked boy?"

Hannibal's arm suddenly wrapped around Will's body, dragging him up so his back was pressed to Hannibal's chest and he was completely held by Hannibal. One of Will's arms came up to wrap around Hannibal's neck, holding on tightly. Hannibal steadied him with one hand around his waist as the other travelled over his sweat slicked skin. His pace grew faster as he bounced Will on his dick, leaving wet kisses along the length of his throat. Will tipped

his head back, letting it fall onto Hannibal's shoulder and baring his neck to Hannibal, completely limp and at his mercy, weakly clinging to him with his arms and legs.

He cried out when Hannibal's hand finally returned to his dick, spreading precum along the length as he pumped the length. His entire body was on fire, shaking from eyeballs to entrails. "Cum, darling, cum for me," Hannibal pleaded, voice hoarse and low against Will's ear. With a high pitched keen Will did, exploding around Hannibal dick, his muscle spasming and pushing Hannibal over the edge. They collapsed on the bed in a tangle of limbs, both breathing heavily and moving sluggishly. "Two."

Will was bordering on unconsciousness as he dragged himself closer to Hannibal, needing to feel and smell him. "Sleep love, but not for long," Hannibal cooed in his ears, wrapping his arms around him. Will murmured a token disagreement as he fell into sweet heavy oblivion.

Less than an hour later he rose from sleep, heavy with exhaustion, pressed against Hannibal's body and eager for more. Will admired Hannibal's sleeping face for a long moment. Hannibal was hyper-aware of his surroundings and Will rarely got the chance to see him vulnerable and unguarded. Good enough to eat. He covered his mouth as a slightly hysterical giggle bubbled up inside him. Hannibal was his husband, that gorgeous, sophisticated, intelligent, dangerous man had chosen to belong to him, forever. Hannibal stirred slightly at the sound and Will slid down his body, stroking down the length of Hannibal's semi-erect penis and pressing a kiss to the small of his back. Hannibal hummed happily and blindly patted Will's curls gently.

Will settled in on his side, stimulating Hannibal until he was fully hard. Will lapped at his ass hole drenching it and feeling it relax and open for him as Hannibal broke the surface of sleep. "Vyras," he sighed as Will's tongue breached his tight ring. Once he was wet and relaxed Will forced one finger into his vice like hole, not rough enough to hurt but enough to shake any sleep from Hannibal as he finger fucked him eagerly while jerking him off with the other hand. Will rocked himself against the sheets, his own penis hard and leaking at the feel of pleasure radiating off his husband. Hannibal moaned, rocking his hips at the dual pleasure competing for his attention and flooding his mind with dopamine. When Will trailed his tongue from Hannibal stuffed hole to his scrotum and tongued his balls with his talented tongue, Hannibal's body went taught and he came with a rough groan. Will stroked him through his orgasm before bringing his cum soaked hand to his dick, swiftly spilling over Hannibal's thighs.

Will crawled up Hannibal's body and they lay together in the afterglow exchanging gentle kisses and touches. "Three," Hannibal commented and Will gave a breathless laugh in response. Will recovered slowly as Hannibal stroked his most sensitive spots, his nipples, his throat and the scar on his stomach, finally trailing a hand down to his penis. Will was over stimulated but as Hannibal slowly and gently guided him to full hardness, his pleasure blinded him to any pain and made him long for more.

When he was fully hard he pressed his lips to Hannibal's ear. "Can you stand, gorgeous?" He asked, tone hinting at mocking.

"Do you need me to?" Hannibal asked with a soft snort.

"Need no, but I want you to," Will said, pouting slightly.

“Your wish is my command,” Hannibal said sweetly, looking at him with love. Will dragged himself from the bed, taking a moment to steady himself on weak legs. He led Hannibal to the full length window, pressed his hands against the pane and stood behind him.

“Arabesque,” Will requested.

“You will be the death of me,” Hannibal complained, already raising his leg.

“Further?” Will begged when Hannibal’s leg was fully extended and tensed, his toes pointed. Adjusting himself slightly Hannibal obeyed, lifting his leg until it was almost touching his head. “Let me know if you can’t hold it,” Will said kindly, massaging his shoulder as Hannibal nodded his head in understanding.

They were both slick and wet but Will still coated his length in lube before stepping closer and pressing his head to Hannibal’s winking hole. As he entered Hannibal’s body he hissed at the tightness engulfing his sensitive penis as Hannibal pressed his forehead to the cool glass with a groan, his extended leg shaking slightly. “Can you hold it?” Will asked, wrapping a hand around his ankle.

“Yes, darling. Move please?” He asked weakly. Will rocked his pelvis forward, driving into Hannibal, breathing heavily and moaning at the feeling of Hannibal insides. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Hannibal,” Will said, stroking his leg and kissing his shoulder with affection. “I love you so much my wonderful husband.”

They moved together, slow and sensual, bodies pressed against each other. Their heavy breathing and soft moans filled the bedroom, their gazes locking in the darkened glass, reflecting their love-making. When Will felt his orgasm rise he gripped Hannibal’s ankle tighter, holding him firm as his free hand travelled to Hannibal’s penis, moving his hands in time with his thrusts.

Will’s orgasm ripped through him violently making him scream as he somehow came a fourth time. His legs gave out and he dropped to his knees as Hannibal’s leg dropped as though a rubber band had been snapped. He slid down the window, until he was level with Will and he pulled Will into a lazy kiss, letting them both fall back onto the carpet. “Four,” Hannibal eventually said with a joyous laugh.

“I can’t move,” Will said, laughing along with Hannibal.

“You must at least try and make your way to the bed, that is where the wet wipes are,” Hannibal said, kissing him sweetly and tracing the dried patterns on his stomach.

“I can’t believe you can still bend that way,” Will said.

“You did give me quite the warm up,” Hannibal purred, embracing Will.

“I really don’t think I can move,” Will admitted, stretching his body out on the floor.

“I will get the wipes as neither of us will stay awake long enough for a bath,” Hannibal said. “Then I will clean us up and then I expect you to have gained enough control to crawl to bed

so I can sleep with my husband in my arms.”

“Okay,” Will murmured sleepily. Watching Hannibal move across the room, his dick erect as Will realised Hannibal had not finished before Will collapsed. When Hannibal returned and knelt next to Will he used the last of his strength to push Hannibal onto his back. He rolled over and swallowed Hannibal’s whole length. Hannibal let out a soft curse as Will sucked his sensitive length, hollowing out his cheeks and bobbing his head, moaning wantonly. The vibrations travelled along Hannibal dick, making his eyes roll back in his head. It did not take long for Hannibal to reach his peak, his vision going dark at the edges and he buried a hand in Will’s hair to keep him grounded. He opened his mouth but his cry was silent as he shot his depleted load down Will’s throat feeling him swallow with a sweet moan.

“Three,” Will said with a smug grin.

Hannibal let out a laugh. “I am going to sleep for two days straight,” he said.

“Mhm, me too,” Will agreed. After dozing peacefully on the floor they were able to pour themselves into bed. “Hannibal?”

“Yes love?” He asked, turning his head to face him.

“The sun’s coming up.”

“I noticed,” Hannibal said, stroking his cheek. “You look wonderful in the golden light.”

“Can you close the curtains?” He asked with wide eyes.

Hannibal groaned, forcing himself to a sitting position. “You do enjoy having me wrapped around your lovely fingers don’t you?” Will giggled and nodded. Hannibal moved to the window on shaking legs and closed the dark curtain before returning to Will and falling into bed.

“How are you still walking?” Will asked.

“I am stronger, faster, more flexible and have much more stamina than most men ten years younger than me,” Hannibal answered.

“Humble too,” Will added.

“Do you disagree?” Hannibal asked.

“Not at all,” Will answered.

“It would seem my diet has some rather impressive benefits,” Hannibal said as though he had taken up the keto diet. Will giggled and wrapped himself around Hannibal. “We both need a long deep sleep and then a hot bath,” Hannibal said, cuddling up against Will’s heated body.

“I don’t wanna sleep,” Will complained.

“I don’t think either of us is fit for anything else,” Hannibal said with a raised eyebrow.

“I’m worried I’ll wake up and find out this isn’t real,” Will said. “That this is all some fever dream and we are on that tiny boat, battling a fever and blood loss, and you hate me after what I did.”

“I never hated you,” Hannibal answered fiercely. “Even if you wake on that boat it will be next to me,” he took Will’s hand in his. “You will never wake up without me ever again,” he promised. “This is forever.”

“Forever,” Will repeated as he drifted into sleep.

“My perfect husband. You do inspire such sin.”

End Notes

Now that this is wrapped up I will be focusing on my WIPs and you will only see one-shots for holidays and when I get a particularly juicy request and need to empty my mind. My mind has been bouncing around a new series when I try to sleep so watch this space.

From now on I am hoping to post in this order:

In My Arms Is Where You'll Stay (Hannibal)
I'm Gonna Show You Real Evil (Supernatural)
Shattered (Hannibal)
I Love You, Daddy (Hannibal)

I'll see how that goes for a while. Hopefully you'll be getting faster updates overall.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and request are always gratefully recieved.

Survive, live and thrive and, as always, eat the rude.

XXX

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